

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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Capt. Kettle rose springily from the deck chair and swung himself into the upper bridge. Cortolvin followed.

of passengers. Busy deck hands were stripping away the awnings. On the high upper bridge were three officers in

re tornado raced down upon them as  
re black wall stretching far across the  
he sea, with white water gleaming amid  
in churning at its foot. It hit the steam

are queer fates, some of them. I went  
away from England because of my wife  
m-I step out of the middle of Arabia and

ent sight. So I had to do his work for him  
life; and then I blew off the boilers, a  
and came up her. It would have been ve

him, was coming gleefully toward them from  
out of the north, to pick up the  
gleanings which the ocean offered.

